

The Children's Paper

JULY 1922

TWOPENCE



T. NELSON and SONS LTD

The "White Star" Series.

The Books in this Series are very suitable for Prizes and Presents. They are clearly printed on good paper, are well illustrated with Coloured Plates, and have Pictorial Bindings and New Colour Wrappers. Size, 7½ by 5.



Each **2s.** net.

FOR BOYS.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

THE YOUNG FUR TRADERS.
THE CORAL ISLAND
DOG CRUSOE.
THE GORILLA HUNTERS.
HUDSON BAY.
MARTIN RATTLER.
UNGAVA.
THE WORLD OF ICE.

FOR GIRLS.

GEORGIE MERTON. By FLORENCE HARRINGTON.
ESTHER REID. By "PANSY."
LIZZIE HEPBURN.
LITTLE FRIDA.
MOLLY. By M. B. SYNGE.

FOR CHILDREN.

SIR AYLMER'S HEIR. By E. EVERETT-GREEN.
THE GOLD THREAD, and WEE DAVIE. By NORMAN MACLEOD.
UNDER PADLOCK AND SEAL. By HAROLD AVERY.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd. London & Edinburgh.

**RANKIN'S
HEAD OINTMENT**

The School Scourge. Nits and vermin in the hair are the commonest means of communicating disease. Rankin's Head Ointment kills them instantly. 3d., 6d., & 1/- of all chemists. Try "RANKO" INSECT POWDER for Fleas, Beetles, and all insect pests. 3d., 6d., & 1/- tins.
Rankin & Co., Kilmarnock. Established over 100 years.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

JULY 1922

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



A SURPRISE FROM CENTRAL AFRICA



By Marianne Gauss.

(By permission of the David C. Cook Publishing Company, Elgin, Illinois.)

THERE was just one girl in Brooktown who had never been invited to a party. Matoke had braided her own hair that morning in two tight yellow plaits, tied with blue. Her eyes, in her sunburnt face, looked pale grey. Her Sunday serge was tight around the body and came down to the tops of her calf-skin boots. It was Matoke who waited eagerly for her invitation to the party.

The other girls were in gay frocks, ribbon trimmed, and bright-coloured sports coats, with their new hats.

Matoke thought they looked dressed for a party. You see, she had read about parties. She whispered to Rosamond, who sat next her, "When is it to be?"

"To-morrowafternoon." Rosamond seemed wonderful to Matoke. Her blue taffeta was all ruffles. She had pale blue stockings and beautiful shoes, and a blue butterfly bow on her long curls that looked like yellow satin. She rose at last. "We're going to send an invitation to everybody." She paused.

Matoke was watching the blue butterfly pendant on the blue necklace round Rosamond's neck.

"We'll invite everybody who has come four Sundays to class."

As Rosamond spoke, the light went from Matoke's eyes; she had joined the class just three Sundays before. She blinked rapidly to keep back the tears, for no girl should cry because she wasn't invited. After class, she went quickly out of the classroom and home.

Miss Lacey had looked as if she didn't approve of Rosamond's plan to limit the party guests. But she always let a committee alone. She did not say anything.

"Oh, Rosamond!" cried Alice Maud Harper, "that new girl with the funny name can't come. It's too bad."

Rosamond pursed her lips. "Well, I can't help that! We made the four Sundays rule because a lot of girls just care about the parties and won't come to class. It's good enough for them!"

"Rosamond!" Alice looked into her friend's face. "You made the rule to leave that new girl out. You did it on purpose."

"I didn't." Rosamond's voice weakened. "I didn't do that ex—exactly. But I don't care; she's a crazy girl, and she's got a crazy name. We want to have a nice party for Martha. We're going to have ice cream and chocolate."

Alice Maud choked. "Oh, please don't have that rule. You're just afraid Martha won't like that funny girl; you do everything for Martha."

Martha was new, too, in the class, exactly four Sundays old. Her eyes were brown, she had a dimple in her cheek, and everybody loved her. She joined Rosamond and Alice Maud. "Rose, aren't you afraid you will

hurt that new girl's feelings?"

"No," replied Rosamond. "It was just a rule we made. She wouldn't be hurt about that, would she?"

Martha looked thoughtfully down the street. Matoke was just visible, moving toward the park.

The girls were right. Matoke did not know why Rosamond had made the rule.

When she entered the little house in the park, her father asked, "Going to the party, Mats?"

"No," Matoke replied. "The girls have a rule nobody can go who hasn't been four Sundays to class." Then she began to talk very rapidly about something else.



The new girl cared more the next afternoon; her father was away. Alone in the big park, she looked from the window down walks strewn with dead leaves. The ducks had gone from the lake. All the animals of the park zoo had been sent to winter quarters fifty miles away—all, that is, except the half-grown African lion that had mysteriously got away.

He was supposed to have travelled to the mountains. Indeed some boys and girls in the foothills had said they saw him there, stalking a calf. The pine forests of America would seem very strange to this cub whose ancestors had ranged the prairies of Central Africa.

Matoke thought more of the party than of the cub. But suddenly, as she sat sewing by the dining-room window, she began to remember her old home on a sandy plateau far away. She recalled palm-leaf huts and dark faces, and the burning sun near the equator. She did not know what had brought these things back to her. She held her needle poised. From somewhere came a curious sound, like the whining of a giant kitten. She listened again. It must be, she decided, the purr of the windmill which drew water in the park.

A bright, cold gust set the leaves dancing; and a Rocky Mountain squirrel skipped on the window-sill. Then he was gone, and all was still.

The house stood in an enclosure, and there was a high fence inside in which chickens had been kept. Now Matoke saw a great hole torn in the boards. "Why, I never noticed that broken place before." As she spoke aloud to herself, something else caught Matoke's eye. Beyond the fence an animal lay dead. It proved to be a large dog, which had been frequenting the park. Evidently it had been killed that day.

The girl's heart suddenly began to beat so she

could not breathe, for there was a stir among the bushes near the house. But as a breeze blew the boughs aside, Matoke saw the waving of a tail. It was not like a lion's; it was furry and soft, dark brown in colour.

Matoke clutched the trunk of a little tree. Then she cried out in great relief, "Oh! oh! girls! For the dark brown tail was a fur boa, and Martha's red tam and brown mist of hair appeared over the bush.



"Here we all are, Matoke!" cried Alice Maud. "We've come to take you to the party."

"But I thought," the new girl's eyes danced—"I thought that was against your rule."

"Martha said 'Let's set the rule aside,' and we did," explained Alice Maud. "So run and get your hat."

"And my Sunday dress!" finished Matoke. She ran into the house.

The other girls followed her.

In her excitement Matoke thought only of the party. And it was not she who heard the strange sound, somewhere below the dining-room floor. She was buttoning her blue serge dress as the girls

stopped laughing and talking in the dining-room.

Rosamond asked in a husky voice, "What was that noise?"

Alice Maud answered, "I don't know."

Somebody screamed.

A somewhat different sound rose from below, one that Matoke had heard in the dusk after hot days far away. It was the roar of a half-grown lion. "Girls!" she cried, "it's that cub. He's coming back. He's in the basement, and he can get out."

Rosamond and Alice Maud threw open a window to make their escape.



"We mustn't let him. Somebody make a torch with newspapers. I'll get the matches. Quick."

It was Martha who twisted papers about the fire poker.

Matoke snatched it. "Hurry. He's on the staircase now. We've got to get him back into the coal cellar and then 'phone for the police. If he gets out he might kill some one." She ran to the basement door and threw it open. Martha followed her.

Now Matoke lifted her lighted torch. In the dark basement she saw two yellow eyes, red in the torch-light. The cub gave a low growl and bent his knees as if he might spring forward. Again the girl waved her torch.

The coal cellar had no windows and the chute was so made he could not escape by that. At the foot of the staircase the door into the vegetable cellar was closed.

The lion began to back down the staircase. Now what if he should fall against the door of the vegetable cellar? It would open, and he would go that way. Fortunately he did not recognize the closed door as a way to the outside, and did not chance to fall against it. Retreating from the blaze before him, he walked slowly backward into the dark coal cellar.

Matoke, holding her torch before her, ran down the staircase, and slammed and bolted the heavy door.

The other girls had already summoned the police.

Seven minutes later an automobile dashed into the park. Men with ropes and nets jumped from it and rushed into the house.

The girls huddled, breathless, in Matoke's room, till the cub had been secured and the police were gone.

"But, Matoke," gasped Alice Maud, "I don't see how you knew what to do."

"It wasn't anything," replied Matoke. "Of course I lived in a lion country till four months ago. Didn't you know Daddy was a missionary? That's how I got my name. When I was born, a tribe in Central Africa gave it to me, because they claimed me. Maybe you read in *All Around the World*," continued Matoke, "about Mr. Lorry's young daughter Matilda. A lion came into the village and, the book said, the girl drove it from her hut with a torch."

"We all read that!" cried the girls.

"Well, the author had the name wrong; I'm that girl."

"You the girl in the book!" cried Alice Maud.

"Why, that isn't anything. Let's go to the party."

"Martha said we could turn it into a surprise party for you," recalled Alice Maud.

The new girl's eyes were shining. "Oh, that was why you made your rule! So that I shouldn't find out too soon! How lovely of you!"

Wild Flowers.

THE *Wild Hyacinth*, or *Bluebell*.—On walking through the woods we catch glimpses of what appears to be a sea of flowers. This beautiful sight

is presented by thousands of wild hyacinths, or bluebells, as they are called, and the air is perfumed with the sweet scent they give out. There are such a number of them that although you may pick quite a large bunch, you will hardly be

able to tell afterwards from where they were gathered. How delicate the bells of blue look as they hang down their heads so shyly. The leaves are long, narrow, and sword-shaped; it is difficult to pull up the plant by the root, because it has a bulb deep down in the earth, and year after year the tiny black seeds are scattered far and wide, so that the plants may multiply.

The *wood loosestrife* is a lowly plant creeping along the ground, and every now and then throwing out roots as it goes. In this way it soon takes possession of a large patch of ground in a wood; but sometimes it holds its head up proudly, as if to say, "Here I am, please look at me." If you look at the picture you will see how the branches take root. Each

yellow blossom grows at the end of a thin stem, and it bears a curious kind of fruit as well as the flowers.





HOBBIES AND WRINKLES

To electrify Glass.

TAKE a piece of glass and warm it well before the fire, then place it upon two books, one at each end. Underneath the glass put a little bran. Rub the upper side of the glass with a piece of silk (an old silk handkerchief is the best thing), and you will see the bran dance up and down under the glass, because the glass has become electrified for the time and has the power of attracting small, light objects.

To electrify Brown Paper.

TO electrify brown paper, take two sheets of brown paper about 15 inches square. Warm them well, then brush them quickly with a clothes brush. They will then for a time attract bran, tiny bits of paper, or feathers. If you hold the sheet while electrified over a person's hair, the hairs will sometimes—not always—stand out like quills.

A Game: Making a Giant.

HERE is an indoor game for you. Let a small boy sit on the shoulders of a tall, strong boy, with one leg on each side of his bearer's neck. Then place a dressing-gown, or a long coat, or some garment that will be so draped on the two figures as to hide the boy underneath, and make it appear as if the whole figure were a giant. The boy who is carrying the other one has nothing to do but walk about wherever he is told to go, while the boy who is carried has to do all the talking and movement of the arms. This is a very good game, especially if practised a little beforehand, and signals previously arranged about movements.

Ninepins.

IT is very pleasant and interesting for boys to make things. There is a charm about whatever you make for yourself that is never found in the things that are bought for you or by you. It is your own handiwork, and you know all the difficulties of the task and how they were overcome. When it is completed you feel the thrill of success.

You can make a large number of pretty and useful articles if you possess a good strong jack-knife, one

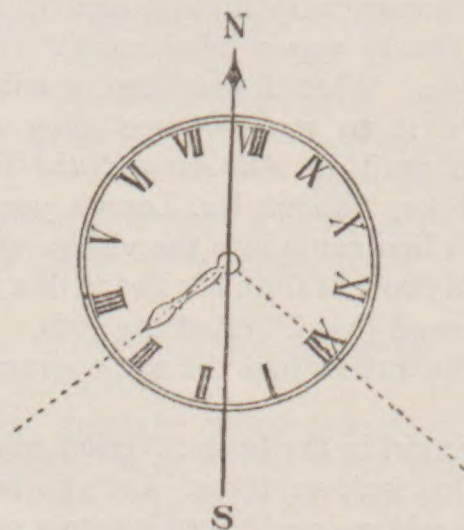
with blades of different sizes, all well sharpened. To do the finishing, you will need at times a saw, screw-driver, file, and bradawl. Lengths of thin white wood can be obtained from a timber yard, but it is possible to use household things too, such as old wooden boxes, empty cotton reels, and other materials.

Nigger ninepins is quite a novelty in the way of toys for the youngsters of the family circle. Ordinary ninepins is a good game, played by both young and old; but nigger ninepins appeals to the humorous side of play. Get nine pieces of thick wood, 6 inches high and 2 inches deep—longer sizes look more attractive. Draw with your blacklead pencil the simple outline of a nigger boy. Cut the wood round at the top for the head, then slope gradually away to the foot. The cutting must be plain and bold. Ensure that each figure will stand by making the bottom quite smooth. When all the cutting and shaping is done, paint the face black, the jacket and vest yellow, and the pants red. Add a number from 1 to 9 to each figure. An ordinary wooden ball completes the set.



How to find the North.

ON a sunny day due north can be located with the aid of a watch. Hold the watch face upwards, with the *hour* hand (the minute hand does not enter into the calculation) pointing towards the sun.



A line bisecting the angle contained by the hour hand and an imaginary line connecting the centre of the watch with the hour mark at 12, runs due north and south.



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



TWO Red Indian chiefs, Black Hawk and Rising Sun, were invited to share a meal in an Englishman's house. They were quite unaccustomed to the use of the table appointments and greatly interested in them. Seeing the mustard pot they thought, as it was so small, it must contain something specially good, so Black Hawk took a large spoonful and swallowed it. Shortly afterwards Rising Sun observed big tears coursing down Black Hawk's cheeks. "Why weepst thou, my brother?" he asked. "I weep," said Black Hawk, "because I am thinking of my brother who was killed in the war." Rising Sun then helped himself to a huge spoonful of mustard, and soon his tears began to flow too. "And why weepst thou, my brother?" asked Black Hawk with a smile. "I am weeping," replied Rising Sun, "because you weren't killed at the same time as your brother!"

"JOHNNY, do you really think you can eat that large plateful of pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know about impunity, mother, but I guess I can with a spoon."

LITTLE Bobby had been presented with a nice new pair of gaiters of which he was very proud. One day, when he came home from his walk, his mother showed him the pictures in his new *Book of Animals*. "What are these, mother?" asked Bobby, pointing to a picture. "Those are alligators," said his mother. "Ah," replied Bobby quickly, stretching out his legs, "but look at Bobby's gaiters!"

A FARMER visited a school and thought he would test the intelligence of the class by this question: "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what nothing is?" After a moment's pause a small boy got up and replied, "It's what you gave me the other day for holding your horse!"

(Sent in by MARY MOONEY.)

WHAT is the oldest table in the world? *Answer:*
The multiplication table.

Old Lady.—Don't you know it's wicked to fish on Sunday?

Boy.—I'm not fishing; I'm only teaching a worm to swim!

(Sent in by BRIAN OSBORNE.)

GEMS

of Poetry and Prose

UNLESS you are deliberately kind to every one you meet, you will often be unintentionally cruel.

RUSKIN.

A BLESSED thing it is to have a friend, one human soul in whom one can trust always, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults.

KINGSLEY.

Dream Land.

WHERE sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep
She sleeps a charmed sleep:

Awake her not.

Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn,
And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest.
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain;
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore;
Rest, rest, at the heart's core
Till time shall cease:
Sleep that no pain shall wake;
Night that no morn shall break
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Needlework.

How to make a Letter Case.

DO you wish to make a little gift for mother, or aunt, or one of your young friends? If you will do the sewing, I will tell you how to make a pretty gift with little or no expense. Most people save the nice pieces of lace, or silk, or ribbon left over from making or trimming clothes, etc., and keep them in their piece-bag. Some of these may be needed for mending, but many may be used for making gifts. We must look, then, in mother's piece-bag, and see if we can find some nice pieces of material; it may be cotton or silk, and it is best for our purpose if it is of one colour, without a pattern. Measure a piece 12 inches long and 8 inches broad. Fold it across

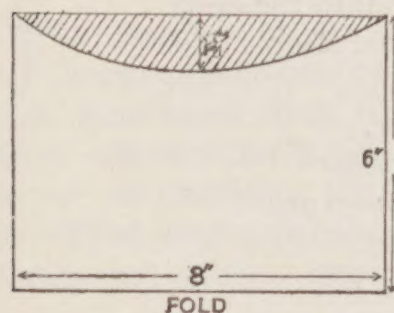


Diagram 1.

(see Diagram 1). Measure $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches down the centre, and mark this point with a pencil. Then curve it to the sides, and cut out shaded portion. Now see if you can find some ribbon $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide, and bind the curved ends (separately) with the ribbon. Run it on the right side, then turn it over and hem it down on the wrong

side, taking care that the stitches do not come through. Now fold the piece again, and put a tacking thread of white cotton just across the fold to show you the exact centre. Next take a pencil and write in your best writing the word "Answered" across the case slantingly or straight, whichever you prefer. Work this in chain stitch (the different kinds of chain stitch are shown here); then turn the piece round and write the word "Unanswered" on the other side, keeping the curved part of the case at the top, and work that in the same way.

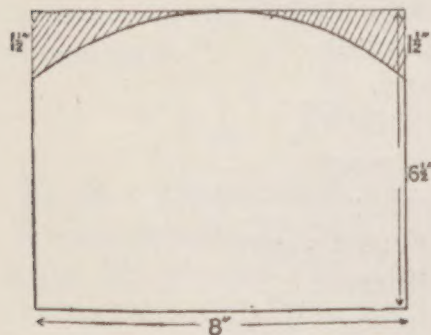
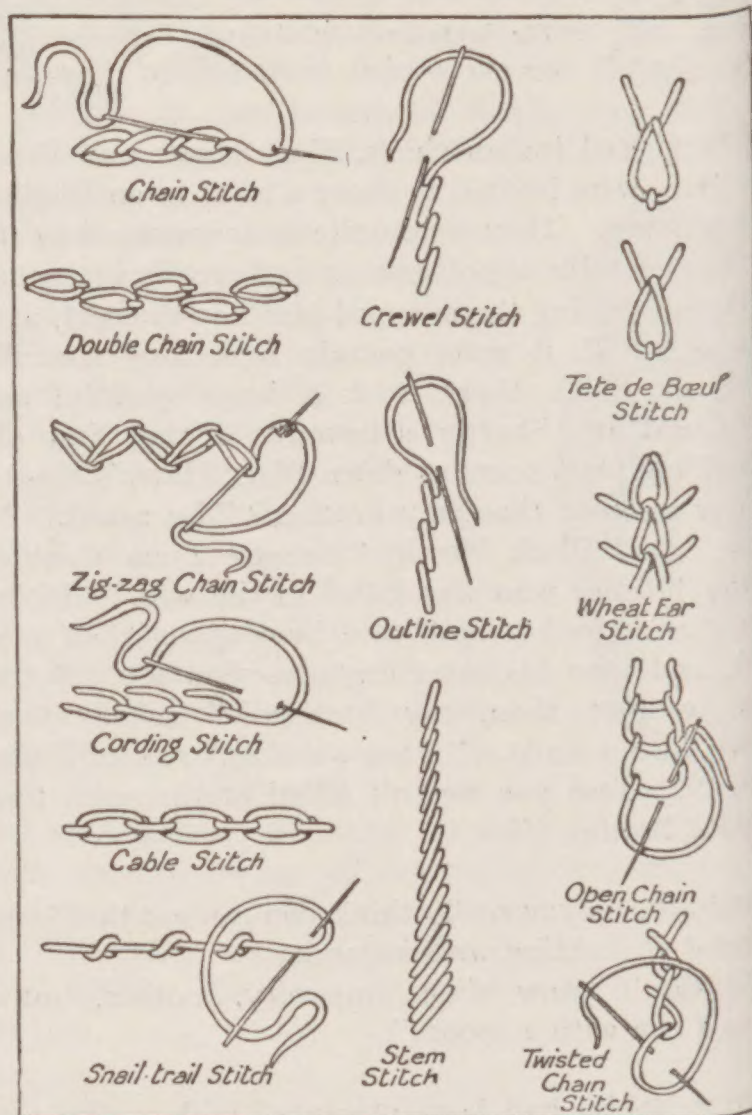


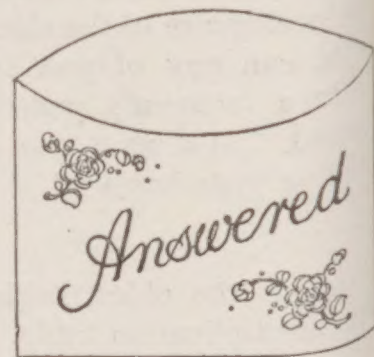
Diagram 2.

Now measure and cut off another piece of the material 8 inches wide and $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Measure $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches down both edges, and curve them *outwards*, and cut off shaded portion. Now open the larger piece, and place the small one in the middle, corner to corner (see Diagram 2). Pin it in place very carefully. Turn up

the large piece at the fold, keeping the small one in the middle, so as to make a pocket on either side.



and pin all in place. Tack the three edges together at each side. You will notice that the centre piece does not reach the end of the case—it is about an inch short; this is to give room for the letters it is intended to hold, and yet to keep them separate. Now lightly seam the raw edges of the sides over, just to keep them all firm. Take your ribbon, begin binding by the fold where the tacking thread is, bind the side, the curved top, and the other side, and your case will be complete. If you like to embroider a small flower in each corner it will look still better. If you would prefer to make it without embroidery, use a figured material. Let the colours be well chosen. A pale blue case could be embroidered in pale pink, a brown case with gold and blue, a green one with white. The binding should match the colour of the embroidery. The case will be useful when the owner is visiting, or away from home on holiday.



A Great Adventure.

BOYS and girls are usually interested in the lives of explorers—that is, the people who travel over a country to examine it, and find out its uses, its animal and plant life, climate, the nature of the people (if any) who inhabit it, and many other facts. One of these clever and courageous men died very suddenly on 5th January of this year, and his life is full of interest. Sir Ernest Shackleton, C.V.O., was born in Ireland in 1874, of English parents. He went to London as a boy, and was educated at Dulwich College. His parents wished him to become a doctor, but he preferred to be a sailor, and at the time of the Boer War he was a junior officer in the Union-Castle Line. While doing his work thoroughly on board ship, he found time to edit the ship's magazine, and also to write a little book describing life on board a transport.

In 1901 he heard that an expedition was to sail to the Antarctic Seas under the command of Captain Robert Scott. He determined to join it, and after asking again and again, and refusing to take "No" for an answer, he was successful, and secured the post of third-lieutenant on the *Discovery*. He was selected by Captain Scott to form one of the small party who travelled farther south on the ice than any one had ever been before. The return march was a very trying one, and Shackleton nearly died from scurvy. He was not well enough for any further efforts, and to his great disappointment had to return home to regain his health. In the next four years he worked at home, and stood for Parliament for Dundee at the General Election of 1906. This experience made him a ready public speaker.

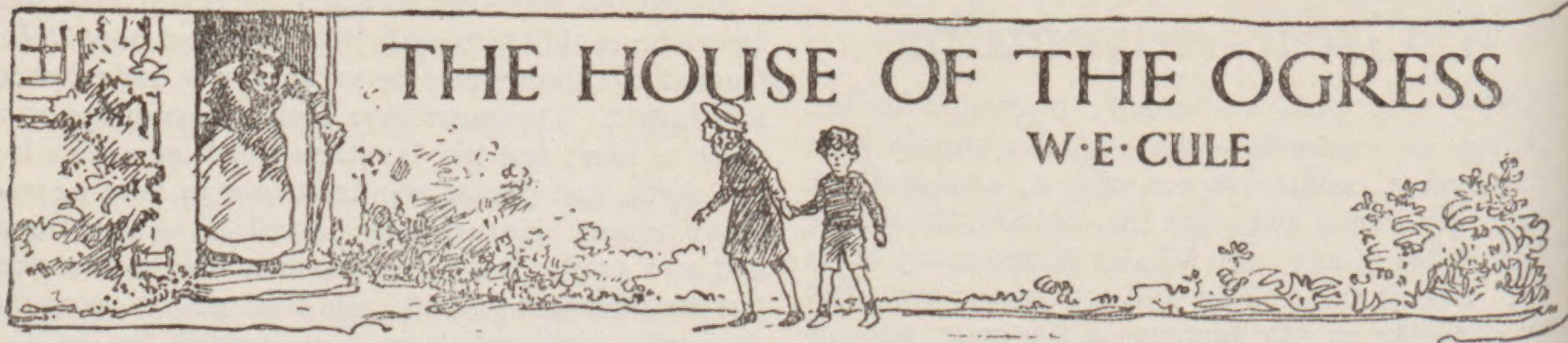
In 1907 he planned another expedition to the Antarctic in the little whaler *Nimrod*. He had gained valuable experiences on the *Discovery*, and could plan everything for the best, and think out all that would be required. He had his ship towed from New Zealand to the Antarctic Circle to save his coal, and his plan was to land at King Edward Land and travel south along the middle of the Great Barrier ice. He failed to reach land there, so changed his plans, and landed in Macmurdo Sound. Among the things he took were a motor car and strong ponies, and he managed to reach a point only ninety-seven miles from the South Pole. His staff did two splendid things—they climbed Mount Erebus, and they reached the South Magnetic Pole. Owing to the cinematograph, which Shackleton was the first man to take on a polar expedition, he was able to show the people when he returned what south polar life and travelling were like. For this wonderful work he was given the honour of a knighthood by our King.

Shackleton was keen to reach the South Pole, but before he could start again the Pole had been twice reached by others along the very ways he had planned for himself. This must have been a keen disappointment to him; but his dauntless spirit once more led him forth, and just as war broke out in 1914 he was ready again. He at once offered his ship, stores, and men to the British Government for war service, but his offer was refused. He tried now to cross the Antarctic continent from the Weddell Sea in the *Endurance*. The season was very severe, and before he could land the ice had closed round his ship and drifted her northwards to her destruction. Shackleton now showed his great qualities in the face of these difficulties; he kept his men together until the last of the ice had melted, then in three small boats the whole party reached Elephant Island, and in the eight hundred-mile voyage back to South Georgia, the crossing of the snow-clad mountains of the island, and the four attempts to rescue his comrades, Shackleton showed his wonderful devotion, bravery, and patience. It was a great adventure, and in another number I hope to give you a fuller account of it.



Sir Ernest then served in the Great War, and after it was over it was hoped that he would settle down to a life of ease and leisure at home. After giving lectures in various parts of the country, he again decided to visit the Antarctic. He sailed in the *Quest* in September 1921, and was most unfortunate. The weather was bad, his health gave way, he longed to reach port. He did so, but died the day after his arrival in South Georgia. He was buried near the little English Church in Grytviken, South Georgia, the Government giving him a State funeral. He had the gift of making people love and trust him, and he will ever be remembered as an untiring and romantic worker who bears the glory of great deeds. We may say of him, as was once said of a celebrated Swiss teacher:

"He, whene'er he taught,
Put so much of his heart into his work
That his example had a motive force,
And all were swift to follow, whom all loved."



CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

THE stately gentleman stooped to catch her question. He smiled a little.

"No," he said, in a deep, solemn voice, very much like the Bishop's—"no, I am not. What do you want, little girl?"

Then Avril remembered the officer. "Oh," she said, "it is the Lady Gwendolin I must ask for. I have a note for her."

"Indeed! And who is the note from?"

"It is from the officer who met me in the drive," said Avril.

That seemed to make a difference. "Oh," said the gentleman in black. "Oh! Ah! Now I see . . . Well, little girl, come in and sit down.—Phillips!"

Out from the shadows of the hall came another gentleman in black, almost as stately as the first, but much younger. The first spoke in a whisper, and at once the second, without a word, glided away, to come back in a moment with a silver tray in his hand. On this tray he placed the little folded note which Avril had brought, and immediately vanished with it.

The first gentleman went back to the threshold of the hall, and stood there immovable, looking out upon the flowers. Avril sat on the very edge of an old oak chair in the hall, and waited. The great house was very still and solemn and splendid, and all so strange. The thought came to her that perhaps it was all a dream. Was she really in Berkshire, where there were Ogres' houses, and Dukes' Courts, and Giants, and all that kind of thing? Or would she presently wake up in the garden at home, with the Virginia creeper crowding over the fence and trellis, and Mr. Carter's old white hens going *cluck-cluck-cluck* next door?

But she did not wake up and find it all a dream. There was a sound of soft footsteps, a rustle of

skirts, a murmur of a gentle voice. Then Avril looked up into one of the kindest faces she had ever seen, and that gentle voice spoke again:

"Is this the little girl who brought the note?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE DUKE OF BERKSHIRE GETS A SURPRISE.

BERKSHIRE PARK was so far from the main road, and there were so many trees in it, that it was only possible to get just a glimpse now and again of a dark window with the sun upon it, or a white corner of the great white building where the Duke lived. Sometimes you might see the tawny deer racing off among the trees or hear the strange call of the peacocks a long way off. And then you would wonder whether the Duke was there or not.

On this afternoon he was there, for he had had a long illness, which was not yet quite gone. He was well enough to get up and do a little business, but people who had seen him lately noticed how old and tired he looked. It was hard to make him listen, or notice, or care. For during his long illness the war had begun, and now he found everything changed. Most of the young men had gone away to fight, and it seemed to him that the busy, excited world had almost forgotten him. And, indeed, it had.

To-day he sat by the great open window of his library, in a low easy-chair. Although the sun was hot he had a rug upon his knees and a shawl upon his shoulders. His favourite granddaughter had been reading to him, but he was only half awake. Then Lady Gwendolin had been called out of the room, and he had scarcely even missed her; but after a while he was roused suddenly by her hand upon his sleeve.

"Grandpa! Some one wishes to see you."

THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS.

SYNOPSIS.

AVRIL HAYES went by train with her father to spend a holiday with her Uncle Horace and Aunt Milda at Mayfield. In the same carriage was a sad-faced little boy and a cruel-looking lady. The boy, Harold, whispered to Avril that his companion was an ogress, and that she was going to kill him. A few days after her arrival at Homelands, her uncle's house, Avril, when taking a walk near Culver House, a lonely, cheerless place, saw Harold's sad face at one of the windows. She inquired of the man who lived there, and he said no boy was living at Culver House. Hearing that the place belonged to the Duke of Berkshire, Avril went to see the Duke, and told him about Harold. He was very kind to her, but said the people at Culver House had been there a year, that they kept a poultry farm, and were good tenants. He assured her there was no ogress there. Avril returned to Homelands anxious and disappointed.

The old man started. "Not to-day," he said shortly. "I cannot—I am tired."

"But I wish you would see her. It is a little girl of ten, who has walked two miles through the hot sun to find you."

By this time the Duke was quite awake. He saw that something unusual had happened.

Then Lady Gwendolin went to the door, and brought Avril back with her—Avril, hot and dusty in her white sun-hat, a little shy and nervous, but not a bit afraid, and with her brown eyes full of hope and resolve.

"Oh!" said the Duke. "What is all this?" He sat up a little, drawing his shawl closer across his shoulders; and he looked so old and ill that Avril at once took pity on him.

"Good-afternoon, Duke," she said politely. "I am sorry you have been so ill. I didn't know about it."

"Indeed!" said the Duke, in much surprise. "H'm! Many people know, but very few care."

"I care," said Avril, gently. "At least, I am beginning to."

The Duke looked up at his granddaughter, but Lady Gwendolin was looking the other way to hide her smiles. Then he looked back at Avril, and became a little gentler in his manner.

"This is very sudden," he said. "But sit down, young lady, and let me hear what you have to say. There—that's right. Now—who are you?"

Avril told him at once her name, her age, her address, her standard in day school, and all about her visit to Uncle Horace at Mayfield. In doing so she had, of course, to tell of the zep-pelin at Eastgate-on-Sea, and the Bannisters' baby. The Duke listened with great attention, for he was very thoroughly awake now; and he

listened still more attentively when she came to the important part of the business, for he knew by her look and the hush of her voice that it really was important.

"Why I have come to-day," she said, "is to tell you that there is an Ogre-ess living in your house at Mayfield—the old house called the Culver House. And she has a little boy called Harold shut up in the toppest—I mean topmost—room."

Then the Duke sat up indeed. "A what?" he asked in great astonishment.

"An Ogre-ess," said Avril steadfastly; and she looked so grave that the Duke and his granddaughter did not dare to smile. Instead, the Duke said:

"Come, come! Tell me all about it."

So she told him of the railway journey and the things that had happened after. "So I had to come to you," she said bravely. "The gardener said that you would want to hear about an Ogre-ess being in your house."

"H'm! Yes, of course," said the Duke. "This seems very important indeed. I must



look into it." For a moment he considered, and then he turned to his granddaughter. "Send to Mr. Bayliss," he said, "and ask him to come here. And let him bring the Mayfield register with him. I want to see who really does live in the Culver House."

Lady Gwendolin called a servant and sent the message. Then there was a pause, but in that pause a delightful thing happened. A tall, grave footman came in with a tray, which he placed on a little table right before Avril's chair. On the tray was a dish of the largest strawberries ever seen in England, with a silver fork and spoon, a silver cream-bowl, and a silver sugar-basin.

"Oh!" said Avril, with a deep sigh. "If only mamma could see this!"

"You have walked so far," said Lady Gwendolin kindly, "you must feel very warm and thirsty."

"I ran a good deal of it," said Avril. "But I should have run faster if I had known about this. Is it really for me?"

"Really."

So she had to begin, while the Duke watched her wonderingly out of his wise, sleepy old eyes. And suddenly he said:

"Why did you care about that little boy?"

"It might have been my own brother," she answered softly; and then she went on, seeing that he did not understand: "You see, Duke, I had a dear little brother who went away; but whenever I see a boy in trouble now, I think it might have been my own brother."

"Where did your brother go to?" asked the Duke.

"To heaven," said Avril, almost in a whisper. "He was only three years old then, and I was six. I didn't know him very well, because I was too young. But now I know him better, because he is seven and I am ten. We have ever such long talks in the garden, when they think I am quite by myself."

Again the Duke looked at his granddaughter, but again Lady Gwendolin was looking another way. And at that moment, after a knock at the door, a stout, elderly man in black came into the room, with a large red book in his hand. He stood a little way from the Duke's chair.

"Yes," said the Duke. "Tell us who lives in the Culver House, Bayliss. Tell us all you know about them."

The man in black turned to a certain page in the book. "John Marley and his wife," he said primly, "and his brother, Charles Marley, have been in the Culver House for one year. They keep a poultry farm. They came from Somerset with good recommendations, and they pay their rent promptly. Your Grace's bailiff speaks very highly of them."

"That will do, Bayliss," said the Duke. "You can go."

Mr. Bayliss went out as softly as he had come in. The Duke turned to Avril.

"So you see, my dear," he said, very kindly, "there is no Ogress in the Culver House. Your aunt was right, and so was the gardener."

Avril did not answer. She was looking out into the park, and they could not see her face. And the wise Duke went on:

"It was very kind of you to be anxious, but you will be quite happy now, I am sure. And you shall go home in a motor-car, because you are tired. And I want you to take this, and tell your uncle that it is a present from the Duke of Berkshire."

She was quite near him, and he took her hand and put into it a little piece of gold. At once she left her chair, and, before he knew what was coming, went up close and kissed his grey old cheek. Then she returned to her strawberry table without a word.

"That was very nice of you, my dear," said the Duke, smiling.—"Now, Gwendolin, will you see about the car? Let it be ready when the strawberries are finished."

Lady Gwendolin went out to order the car, and then the Duke leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Perhaps he dozed a little, for he was now very tired; so he did not hear or see what happened. For in a moment Avril had stopped eating the strawberries. She could not touch another one, and the tears in her eyes made the window and the park one big green blur. No; the Duke was like the rest—he would not believe. And how could she eat those great strawberries and take golden gifts and ride in a motor-car while Boy Harold—who might have been her own brother—pressed his white face against that topmost window of the Culver House?

So she pressed her hand upon her heart to keep the swelling down, and then she laid the

Duke's gift upon the little table beside the unfinished strawberries. She slipped from the chair without a sound, and so out through the long, open window. And when Lady Gwendolin came back, three minutes later, the visitor had gone, leaving the strawberries and the gold behind.

The Duke was still dozing, and when he woke up he was quite cross. He was vexed that his small visitor had run off. The child would be tired to death, he said. Had nobody seen her? Well, some one had seen a gleam of white near the great gates, but that was all. No doubt the queer little visitor was well on her way home almost before they had missed her. But why had she left her gold behind?

Nobody really knew, and very soon the quaint visit seemed to be forgotten. Only, when they went to call the Duke next morning he was talking in his sleep, and Lady Gwendolin heard some of the words he said. They were not his own words, for he had borrowed them from Avril:

"He might have been my own brother!"

CHAPTER VII.

AVRIL WRITES A LETTER.

AVRIL reached Homelands half an hour after the proper tea time, and found Aunt Hilda wondering where she had gone.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said breathlessly. "If I had waited for the motor-car I should have been in time."

"What motor-car?" asked Aunt Hilda, in surprise; but Avril did not hear the question, for she had gone upstairs to brush her hair and to wash the dust away. When she came down,

feeling ever so much better, she had a question ready herself.

"Are Dukes always very old, Aunt Hilda?"

"Well, most of them are, I think. Why do you ask?"

"Because your Duke seems very old — more than twice as old as papa and Uncle Horace. I didn't like to ask him about it. That would have been rude, wouldn't it?"

Aunt Hilda almost dropped the sugar-tongs in her astonishment. "My dear child!" she said, "what *do* you mean? Where did you see the Duke?"

"Why, in his own house. I visited him this afternoon. Before I came away he gave me a gold pound, or perhaps it was half a pound; but I left it on the table by the silver

cream-bowl, so I can't be sure which it was."

Then Aunt Hilda really did drop the sugar-tongs. After that she looked at Avril again, and saw nothing but a healthy little girl eating bread and butter with a new-laid egg, and looking as innocent as possible. So she said, quite faintly, "That's right, my dear, enjoy your tea."

(To be continued.)



Bible Story

Noah and the Rainbow of Hope.

IN the beginning of things God looked down upon the beautiful world He had made, and it grieved Him to see how it was spoilt by the wickedness of the people who lived upon it. No one tried to be good or to obey His laws, and as time went on they grew worse and worse, until He was sorry that He had made the world at all.

"I will destroy," God said, "both man and beast, and the creeping things, and the fowls of the air."

But there was just one man in all the world who loved God, and tried to please Him; and in the end God determined not to destroy everything, but to save this man and his family, and some of the animals and birds and creeping things as well. And so He told the man, whose name was Noah, exactly what to do—how he was to build a great ark of safety, to be ready for the time when God would destroy the world by a great flood.

All the rest of the people in the world went on enjoying themselves and doing just as they liked, never thinking of God at all. Only Noah worked with all his might to obey God's directions. He tried to warn the people of what was coming, but they only laughed at him and his work. What was this curious kind of ship that he was building? It surely must be meant to float upon the water. But Noah was building it inland, far away from any sea, and no one had ever beheld such a huge vessel before.

"Where is the great sea on which it is going to float?" asked the people; and they only scoffed when he told them that God would send a mighty flood that would cover the earth and drown all the people of the world. There was no sign of a flood, they said, and they did not believe any flood was coming. How foolish he was to toil all day and wear himself out with work, instead of taking his ease and enjoying his pleasures.

But Noah worked on. And as the years passed by, the ark at last was finished, and Noah went in with his wife and family and two of each of the birds and beasts and insects which God had promised to save. Then the sky grew darker and darker and fiercer and fiercer blew the wind, and the rain came down in such torrents that the rivers began to swell and overflow their banks, and presently the whole world was just one great sea of tossing grey waters.

But God remembered His promise, and the ark floated safely on that tossing sea. For many long days the storm raged, and then at last the rain

stopped, and the flood began to subside. Noah waited patiently still for a while, and then opened one of the windows of the ark, and sent out a raven and a dove to see if they would find anything to rest upon. But the dove came back with tired wings, and Noah knew that there was no dry ground yet showing above the water. So he waited for another seven days, and again sent the dove out; and this time she came back with a tiny green olive leaf in



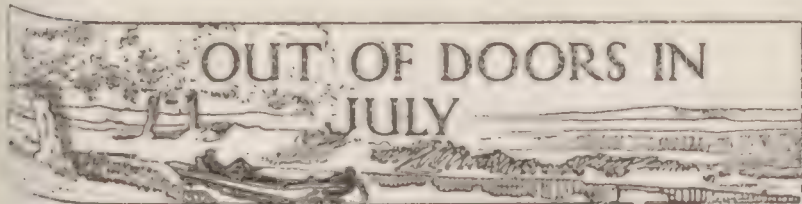
her beak. And the third time he sent her out she did not return at all.

Then God bade Noah open the ark and set all the animals free upon the green earth once more.

So Noah came out with his wife and all his family, and he built an altar to God, and sacrificed upon it the best of everything in a great thanksgiving service.

Then God blessed Noah, and promised that never again would He send another flood to destroy the world. And Noah looked up and saw in the sky a beautiful half-circle of shining light made up of all the fairest colours, its ends touching the earth.

It was the sign of God's promise, the rainbow of hope, which should always bring to us its message telling of sunshine after rain, joy after sorrow.



MANY of our readers will be having holidays this month, and it will be easy to find all the wonderful and beautiful things that are round us in the lanes, woods, streams, hills, and fields. We will begin by having a peep at the common maple. Its leaf has five lobes or fingers, and it often bears

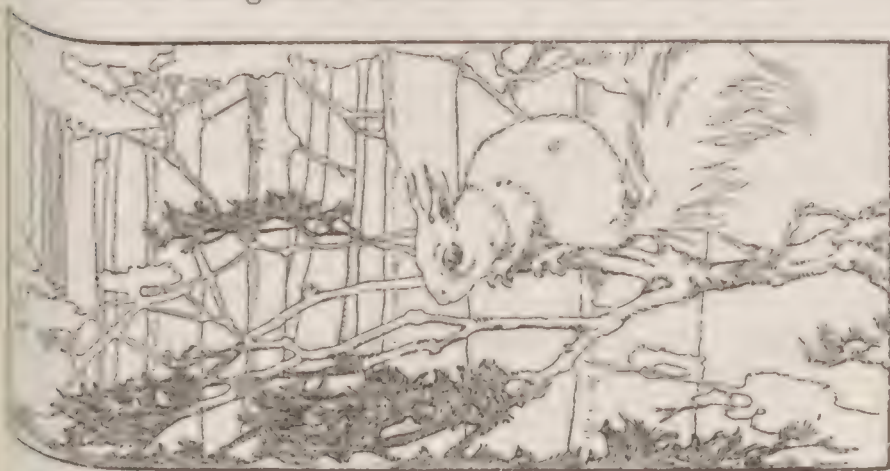


LEAVES AND FRUIT OF MAPLE.

green flowers. It frequently grows in the hedge. Very few birds build their nests in it, but other creatures like it, for sometimes, if you look at the leaves, you will find hundreds of little red, brown, green, or orange pimples on them. These are the eggs laid by tiny

creatures on the leaf of the maple. Wild roses are blooming in the hedgerows in the lanes, making it a feast of colour in pink and white, while the ground is covered with the fallen petals.

You may catch sight of a squirrel in the trees. See how his black eyes shine, and how his ears are raised to catch every sound. Notice, too, his bushy tail. He loves to dart and leap, and will sometimes jump several feet so as to reach another tree. When he walks on the ground he carries his tail most care-



SQUIRREL.

fully, so that it will not get dirty; when he climbs a tree he clings to the trunk with his sharp claws to prevent himself from falling. Rustling among the

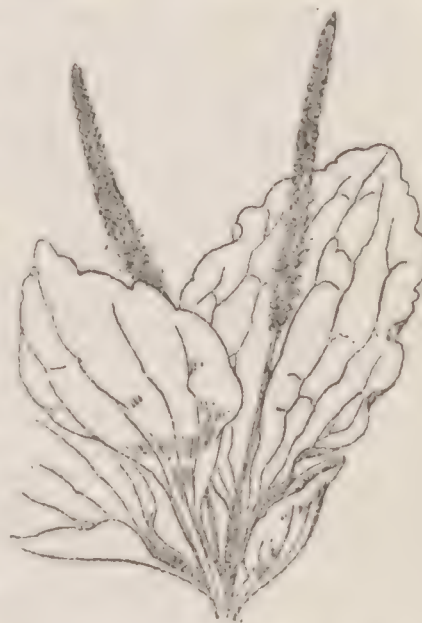
leaves we may see a wood-mouse, with its long tail, brown overcoat, and white waistcoat.



WOOD-MICE.

There is a plant called the plantain, which looks like a rosette, for it spreads out its leaves in this shape. It has broad leaves and a long spike of flowers, which, when they go to seed, form a favourite food for the birds.

During this month in the streams trout may be seen gliding about, and clouds of midges are found disporting themselves in the evening air. In hunting counties the fox is occasionally to be seen, when he comes for a few moments out of the woods and into the open.



BROAD-LEAFED PLANTAIN.

Motto for July.

He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.—ST. BASIL.

Sent in by ELSIE FELTON,
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Golden Text for July.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

—PROVERBS XV. 3.

Prize List for May.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. Robert S. Lyle, 41 West Street, Horsham, Sussex.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—John Gibson, 5 Union Street, Kilmarnock. Violet Anderson, 133 Coplaw Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.

Highly Commended.—Catherine A. B. Grant, 16 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh; Dorothy Durrant, Nellie Daniels, and Constance Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Joseph Boges, 7 Douglas Park Terrace, Hillfoot, Bearsden; William Edwards, Ethel Pope, George Cross, Joe Clay, and Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Mollie M'Bride, 56 Park Hill Road, South Croydon; Betty Marshall, Petoe, Dartington, Totnes.

ESSAY COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—Barbara Smith, 2 Houghton Road, Dunstable. Constance Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Highly Commended.—Molly M'Bride, 56 Park Hill Road, South Croydon; John H. Treby, Fern Cottage, Harbertonford; Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Elizabeth Fry, 42 Cleveland Square, London, W. 2; Robert Stewart, 4½ Anderson Street, Wishaw; George Cross, Bert Overton, and Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Dorothy Melville, 207 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh; Pauline Stammers, Rutlands, Thorpe, Norwich; Aggie Lusk, Ballyalbana; Leslie O. Hart, 8 Preshaw Crescent, Mitcham; John Cree, Poleglass, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim; Nan Tait, 8 Stobhill Cottages, Springburn, Glasgow; Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Eastbourne, Sussex; Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Edith Brann, Parade Manse, Ballyeaston, Ballyclare.

PUZZLE COMPETITION.



SOLUTION OF PUZZLE.

Prize-Winners.—John Longmuir, 13 Blythswood Drive, Paisley. Robert Harvey, 43 Mount Stuart Street, Shawlands, Glasgow.

Highly Commended.—Joe Clay, Jim Green, Elsie Felton, Ethel Pope, Clive Dunn, Bert Overton, William Edwards, Annie Jackson, George Cross, Leslie Jarvis, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Robert Stewart, 4 Anderson Street, Cambusnethan, Wishaw, Glasgow; Jane Connors, Greenhill, Brora, Sutherland; Gilbert

Galloway, 16 Moat Place, Edinburgh; James Caldwell, 10 Chalmers Street, Clydebank; Ella Thomson, 111 Coplaw Street, Govanhill, Glasgow; Ethel A. Galloway, 16 Moat Place, Edinburgh; Mary Mooney, 43 Duke Street, Glasgow; Kathleen G. Smith, 5 Kemerton Road, Beckenham, Kent; L. O. Hart, 8 Preshaw Crescent, Mitcham; Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—William Pooler, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. Ella Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Highly Commended.—Florrie Jackson, Marjorie Stevenson, Elsie Jarvis, Annie Jarvis, Anne Clay, Marie Hammond, Olive Overton, and Harry Jones, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Freda Ironmonger and Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winner.—Molly M'Bride, 56 Parkhill Road, South Croydon.

Highly Commended.—Mary H. Aikman, Dunard Grange Loan, Edinburgh; Irene Lemon, Hotspur House, North Road, Plymouth; Nora Williams, Freda Ironmonger, Ella Hodgkiss, and Amy Giles, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

ESSAY COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—Pauline Stammers, Rutlands, Thorpe, Norwich. Joyce Martin, 38 Nimrod Road, Streatham.

Highly Commended.—Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Elsie Jarvis, Annie Jarvis, Olive Overton, Florrie Jackson, Annie Clay, William Pooler, Marie Hammond, and Marjorie Stevenson, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Marjorie Dent, Beth Robinson, Dorothy Cooper, Muriel Sykes, Connie Caister, and Margaret Beattie, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Ella Hodgkiss and Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Fred Driver, 13 Cockhill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham.

ESSAY COMPETITION (C).

Prize-Winners.—Edith Jones and Beatie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Highly Commended.—John Hickton, Humphrey Hodgkiss, Hilda Bourne, and Madge Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Monica Ray and Patsy Hornbrook, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Dennis Dunn, Lily Roberts, Harriet Cross, Joseph Taylor, Walter Bowdler, Mary Pooler, Percy Edwards, and Norman Roberts, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Sheila M. Johnston, 14 Dick Place, Edinburgh.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Prize-Winners.—Marjorie Knowles, 9 Addison Road, Birmingham. Zoe E. Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey.

Highly Commended.—John Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Henry Millar, Carrowbeg, Benburb, Moy, Co. Tyrone; Edith Jones and Dennis Dunn, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Peggie Lauder, Rubery Farm, Rubery, Birmingham; Norman Roberts, Joseph Taylor, and Beatie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Geoffrey Drage, Mary Nicholls, Madge Skinner, Humphrey Hodgkiss, John Hickton, and Noel Jones, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Our Competitions.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS must attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 64. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

Guess the names of the people represented here. Write the name in the space at the foot of each portrait. Cut the pictures out in one piece, and forward it to the Editress each month, as long as the competition lasts.

SIX HIDDEN CITIES STANDING ON THEIR HEADS.

Find the names of six well-known cities in these lines:—

1. It is not possible to magnify or to express clearly the pleasure at the first sight of these cities.

2. I was so tired that, if weariness had caused me to nod, no living person could have been surprised.

3. Yes, indeed, sir, a peculiar confusion arose in my mind.

4. It seems strange to try to stick royal flags on buildings where they should not appear.

5. Was this the way people made them, or were they altered afterwards?

6. I can say without fear of contradiction I kept



5. No answers received later than **July 15** will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for July.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested NOT TO ENCLOSE stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

photographs of these places in order to give pleasure to others.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Give an account of Jephthah's daughter and her fate.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION.

Make a drawing of the picture on the cover of this magazine, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

INTELLIGENCE TESTS.

1. What is a skyscraper ?
2. What is a nave ?
3. What is a transept ?
4. How do ships indicate that they are in distress and need help ?
5. What is a good gate at a cricket match ?
6. What is a caddie ?
7. What is a foursome ?
8. What is an I.O.U. ?
9. What are black diamonds ?
10. Why does a dog turn round before lying down ?
11. What is meant by being in clover ?
12. Describe the French tricolour.

For Children under Twelve only.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write out four texts showing the mercy of God.

Letter from the Editress.

MY DEAR READERS,

I am greatly pleased with the Competitions this month. Very good work was sent in by the scholars of the Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop, and by the Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge, where the lady teachers have evidently interested their pupils in our Competitions. I thank them and all my correspondents for their interesting and appreciative letters, and I shall put some of the jokes and conundrums into the paper whenever possible. A few competitors forgot to attach the coupon, and I very reluctantly had to disqualify them, as the rules must be observed. All competitors should write their name, age, and school on *every* paper sent in. Several forgot to do this. The printing, writing, and neat arrangement of most of the work deserves special praise, especially in the papers from the Kemberton and Stoneybridge schools. In the drawings of the teapot and cup, some were very highly ornamented, but too little attention had been given to correct outline. I am afraid some of the cups would not stand, nor would the teapots have poured satisfactorily. Still, all showed talent in some direction. It is not necessary to do two drawings; one only is required.

In the answers to the Bible Competition (A) the idea was not grasped by some of our readers that an account of a prayer was asked for, not of the circumstances that led to it, but the prayer itself. In spite of this mistake, all the answers were well expressed, and showed a very high level of moral teaching.

As no prize-winner is entitled to more than one prize this month, no portraits are given. Hoping there will be some for August, I am, your sincere friend,

THE EDITRESS.

Good Mottoes.

A Selection from the Mottoes sent in by our Readers.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
(Sent in by WILFRED FENTON.)

EVERY power of both heaven and earth is friendly to a noble and courageous activity.
(Sent in by MARY CREE.)

DRUDGERY is the grey angel of success.
(Sent in by BETH CREE.)

LEARN to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last;
The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed.

SARAH DOUDNEY.
(Sent in by DONALD GOULD.)

LET us then be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth.
—LONGFELLOW.
(Sent in by MARY GUMBLETON.)

GARDENS are not made by singing, "Oh, how beautiful," and sitting in the shade.—KIPLING.
(Sent in by KATHLEEN GORDON.)

NOTHING great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
—EMERSON.
(Sent in by MARJORIE BUTLER.)

THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

HORATIUS BONAR.
(Sent in by EDNA NORTHCOTT.)

REAL merit is not in the success, but in the endeavour.
—ANON.
(Sent in by JOHN CREE.)

If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear.—JOHN KEBLE.
(Sent in by BARBARA SMITH.)

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever
One grand, sweet song.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.
(Sent in by GEORGE CAMERON.)

"CHILDREN'S PAPER" COMPETITION FORM. [July

Name.....

Address.....

..... Age last Birthday.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



CHILDREN'S REWARD BOOKS

Each **1s.** net.

This is a New Series of Stories specially suitable for Young Children. Good type, and simple, interesting illustrations.

Pretty Cloth Bindings. Size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$.

<i>TITLE.</i>	<i>AUTHOR.</i>	<i>ARTIST.</i>
Bee, Paul, and Babs.	EVELYN M. WHITAKER.	OLIVE ALLEN.
A Gift from the Sea.	ANGELA BRAZIL.	A. E. JACKSON.
John's Visit to the Farm.	EVELYN SHARP.	E. BLAMPIED.
Two Little Red Riding Hoods.	DOROTHY RUSSELL.	DORA LEESON.
Two Little Scamps and a Puppy.	ANGELA BRAZIL.	E. BLAMPIED.
Adventures of Pat and Matty.	K. F. BRODRICK.	M. E. GREY.
Terry and Starshine.	AMY WHIPPLE.	E. BLAMPIED.
Ronald's Burglar.	CHRISTINE CHAUNDLER.	HELEN STRATTON.
Rescued.	M. A. PETZSCHE.	GEORGE MORROW.
Peter's Adventure.	EVELYN M. WHITAKER.	ETHELDREDA GRAY.
Tim and the Twins.	E. C. MAIS.	M. W. TARRANT.
The Busy B's.	VIOLET M. METHLEY.	A. E. JACKSON.

NELSON'S STORIES

For BOYS, GIRLS, and CHILDREN.

Per Vol. **1s. 9d.** net.

Eight New Titles just published.

FOR BOYS.

FRANK'S FIRST TERM.	Harold Avery.
WON IN WARFARE.	Charles B. Kenyon.
THE CASTAWAYS OF HOPE ISLAND.	H. A. Hinkson.

FOR GIRLS.

MADAMSCOURT.	H. May Poynter.
STAR.	Mrs. L. B. Walford.
MOTHER MAUD.	Mrs. Arthur.

FOR CHILDREN.

DADDY'S LAD.	E. L. Haverfield.
THE LITTLE RAJAH.	E. Hobart-Hampden

30 Titles already issued.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd., London & Edinburgh.

"Told to the Children" Series.

Each **2s.** net.



This dainty, popular Series of Books for Children are still unrivalled. Of convenient size for little readers, the books are printed in bold type, and are written in simple language. Each volume has 8 Colour Plates.

Stories of King Arthur's Knights.
Stories from the Arabian Nights.
Stories from Chaucer.
Stories from the Faerie Queen.

Little Plays.
The Rose and the Ring.
Tanglewood Tales.
Stories from Grimm.
Æsop's Fables.
Stories from the Iliad.
Simple Susan.
Stories from Wagner.
Gulliver's Travels.
Nursery Rhymes.
Stories of William Tell.
Stories of Beowulf.
Stories from the Odyssey.

The Heroes.
Robinson Crusoe.
Stories from the Life of Christ.
Stories from Shakespeare.
Stories from Hans Andersen.
The Pilgrim's Progress.
Undine.
Nursery Tales.
Stories of Robin Hood.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.
The Water Babies.
Stories from the Old Testament.
Stories from Don Quixote.
Stories of Roland.

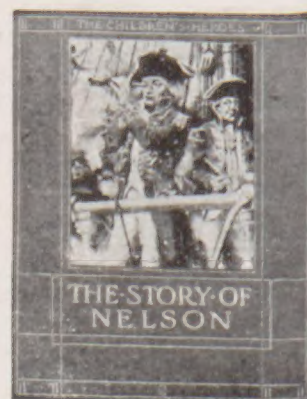
The Children's Heroes.

Each **2s.** net.

Similar in style to the "Told to the Children" Series.

The Story of David Livingstone.
The Story of Christopher Columbus.
The Story of Sir Walter Raleigh.
The Story of Lord Clive.
The Story of Lord Roberts.
The Story of General Gordon.
The Story of Chalmers of New Guinea.
The Story of Nelson.
The Story of Stanley.
The Story of Napoleon.
The Story of Captain Cook.

The Story of Cromwell.
The Story of Drake.
The Story of Lincoln.
The Story of Joan of Arc.



T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London and Edinburgh.